

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 24 April 2022 3.00pm

Schöne Fremde

Dominik Köninger baritone

Daniel Heide piano

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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 24 (1840)

*Morgens steh'ich auf und frage • Es treibt mich hin •
Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen • Lieb' Liebchen •
Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden • Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann •
Berg und Burgen schau herunter • Anfangs wollt ich fast verzagen •
Mit Myrten und Rosen*

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

6 Lieder Op. 3 (1899-1903)

*Wie Georg von Frundsberg von sich selber sang • Die Aufgeregten •
Warnung • Hochzeitslied • Geübtes Herz • Freihold*

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

6 Einfache Lieder Op. 9 (1911-3)

*Schneeglöckchen • Nachtwanderer • Sommer •
Liebesbriefchen • Das Heldengrab am Pruth • Ständchen*

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The running order for the programme has changed since these notes were written.

What does it mean to be somewhere 'foreign'? It might suggest fear and displacement, a violent exile from the comfort of home. Or perhaps the choice to be somewhere unknown has been taken wholeheartedly and is full of excitement and promise. This afternoon's concert explores the *Schöne Fremde*, a beautiful and foreign place as described by Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff in an ecstatic poem of dreamlike visions. All three of the composers featured in this programme were moved by the idea of unexplored territory, and all three were, crucially, young men: these are the confident early steps of youth into a bright unknown.

Korngold was just 14 when he composed the first of the songs that would reach publication in the *6 Einfache Lieder* Op. 9. A deeply serious young teenager, he had published his opus one at the age of 12, and the *Einfache Lieder* were his first songs in print.

We begin with Eichendorff settings. In 'Schneeglöckchen', Korngold writes the music in alternating bars of 4 beats and 3 beats, as if the rock and sway of these soft piano bells were not entirely symmetrical. 'Nachtwanderer' is a dark and curious tale, the tripping steps of dreamland gradually giving way to shivers of fear. The composer is careful to dispel all sense of fear in the final Eichendorff number, 'Ständchen', where the student we see serenading his love is clearly making up for any musical shortcomings with great jangling enthusiasm!

'Liebesbriefchen', the most popular song in the set, is a radiant love song of heartfelt simplicity. 'Das Heldengrab am Pruth' is another musical world entirely, by turns rich and unearthly, as the garden the poet describes is eventually revealed to contain a tomb. We close with 'Sommer', the piano weaving bright, delicate patterns of harmony that hint every now and again at Strauss and Zemlinsky – just as we are told that the singer feels dreams woven around him.

In the late 1890s, a little before Korngold's birth, **Schoenberg** began formalised compositional study – and also discovered the poetry of Richard Dehmel. Dehmel's poetry inspired not only countless Lieder but also led to the string piece *Verklärte Nacht* Op. 4, completed in 1899 and published immediately after the songs we hear today.

Schoenberg's *6 Lieder* Op. 3 were composed between about 1899 and 1903. The variety of approaches and musical styles that Schoenberg incorporates is striking: from the grand, quasi-Wagnerian march of 'Wie Georg von Frundsberg von sich selber sang' (and the later 'Hochzeitslied' and 'Freihold' along similar lines) to the richly lyrical, flowing centre of 'Die Aufgeregten' and 'Geübtes Herz', which seem to owe more to Mahler. Most striking of all, though, is 'Warnung'. Dehmel's threatening 'love' poem prompts

growling piano writing, the doomed dog grumbling and lolloping beneath the singer. Whilst the central section blossoms into full-blown Romantic richness, the singer's warning to his lover that she must be alone revives the ghostly growls as the music staggers into the piano postlude.

Whilst Korngold and Schoenberg were both busily writing Lieder from their earliest years, **Robert Schumann** only became seriously engaged with the form in 1840, the year in which he was finally able to marry Clara Wieck. The *Liederkreis* Op. 24 is one of several cycles to be completed in 1840, and the poetic source is that same as that for *Dichterliebe* – namely, Heinrich Heine's 1827 collection *Buch der Lieder*. The poems of the *Liederkreis* are drawn from the earliest part of the book, '*Junge Leiden*' ('Youthful sorrows').

Our hero is lost in love and longing in 'Morgens steh' ich auf', but the music tells us that this is an innocent young soul, the gentle *oom-cha* of the accompaniment hinting at folksong. The desperation to see her causes a surging forwards in 'Es treibt mich hin', the graceful turn in the singer's vocal line at his description of his beloved echoing the end of the previous song. His fury is directed at the lazy hours, dallying when he wishes they would speed past. The sweetness of 'Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen' is in both the beauty of the scene and the fact that our lover is once again separated from the woman he adores – this time he has missed her passing by.

'Lieb' Liebchen' throbs and pulses with our poet's heart, the harmonies – like his outlook – curiously dark given the apparent closeness of his love as he sings it. But the next song clarifies the situation: in 'Schöne Wiege', it is clear that the two are parted, and he is leaving the city where his heart was broken. Indeed, it is his address to the place that prompts a warm, major-key rocking accompaniment, and only when he speaks about the woman he leaves that the music becomes frantic and unstable. In 'Warte, warte', he is prompted to leave not just the town but the very continent on which his heart has been broken, the macho energy of the seafarers driving him forwards. By 'Berg' und Burgen' he is in a beautiful spot in the Rhineland, the waves lapping gently in the piano as he gazes about; but he sees his lost love everywhere. Natural beauty and inner pain move hand in hand. The sternly processional 'Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen' is a fragment, left hanging as the poet admits that he himself doesn't know how he has survived his heartbreak. The closing 'Mit Myrten und Rosen' reveals the answer: by putting all he feels into his poetry, embellished with the symbols of weddings and funerals (myrtles and cypresses)... and all in the hope that one day she will read all he has written 'in a distant land'. A *Schöne Fremde* indeed – there is, after all, nothing as tragic as hope.

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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 24 (1840)

Heinrich Heine

Morgens steh'ich auf und frage Every morning I wake and ask

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt feins Liebchen heut?
Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Ausblieb sie auch heut.

Every morning I wake and ask:
will my sweetheart come today?
Every evening I lie down,
complaining she stayed away.

In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer
Lieg' ich schlaflos, lieg' ich wach;
Träumend, wie im halben
Schlummer,
Wandle ich bei Tag.

All night long with my grief
I lie sleepless, lie awake;
dreaming, as if half
asleep,
I wander through the day.

Es treibt mich hin I'm driven this way

Es treibt mich hin, es treibt
mich her!
Noch wenige Stunden, dann soll
ich sie schauen,
Sie selber, die schönste der
schönen Jungfrauen; –
Du armes Herz, was pochst du
schwer?

I'm driven this way, driven
that!
A few more hours, and I shall
see her,
she, the fairest of the
fair –
faithful heart, why pound so
hard?

Die Stunden sind aber ein faules
Volk!
Schleppen sich behaglich
träge,
Schleichen gähnend ihre Wege; –
Tumme dich, du faules Volk!

But the Hours are a lazy
breed!
They dawdle along and take
their time,
crawl yawningly on their way –
get a move on, you lazy breed!

Tobende Eile mich treibend erfasst!
Aber wohl niemals liebten die
Horen; –
Heimlich im grausamen Bunde
verschworen,
Spotten sie tückisch der
Liebenden Hast.

Raging haste drives me onward!
But the Horae can never have
loved –
cruelly and secretly in
league,
they spitefully mock a lover's
haste.

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen I wandered among the trees

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Mit meinem Gram allein;
Da kam das alte Träumen,
Und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.

I wandered among the trees,
alone with my own grief,
but then the old dreams returned
and stole into my heart.

Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein
gelehret,
Ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh'?

Who taught you this little
word,
you birds up there in the breeze?

Schweigt still! wenn mein Herz
es höret,
Dann tut es noch einmal so weh.

Be silent! If my heart hears
it,
my pain will return once more.

„Es kam ein Jungfräulein
gegangen,
Die sang es immerfort,
Da haben wir Vöglein gefangen
Das hübsche, goldne Wort.“

'A young woman once passed
by,
she sang it again and again,
and we birds snatched it up,
that lovely golden word.'

Das sollt ihr mir nicht erzählen,
Ihr Vöglein wunderschlau;
Ihr wollt meinen Kummer mir
stehlen,
Ich aber niemandem trau'.

You shouldn't tell me such things,
you wondrously cunning birds,
you thought to steal my grief
from me,
but I trust no one.

Lieb' Liebchen Lay your hand on my heart, my love

Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen
aufs Herze mein; –
Ach, hörst du, wie's pochet im
Kämmerlein?
Da hauset ein Zimmermann
schlimm und arg,
Der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Lay your hand on my heart, my
love; –
ah, can you not hear it
throbbing?
A wicked, evil carpenter's
there,
fashioning me my coffin.

Es hämmert und klopfet bei Tag
und bei Nacht;
Es hat mich schon längst um
den Schlaf gebracht.
Ach! sputet Euch, Meister
Zimmermann,
Damit ich balde schlafen kann.

He bangs and hammers day and
night;
the noise has long since robbed
me of sleep.
Ah! master carpenter, make
haste,
so that I soon might sleep.

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden Lovely cradle of my sorrows

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
Schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh,
Schöne Stadt, wir müssen
scheiden, –
Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.

Lovely cradle of my sorrows,
lovely tombstone of my peace,
lovely city, we must
part –
farewell! I call to you.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
Wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
Lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
Wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Farewell, O sacred threshold,
where my dear beloved treads,
farewell! O sacred spot,
where I first beheld her.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehn,
Schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär es dann
geschehen,
Dass ich jetzt so elend bin.

Had I never seen you though,
fair queen of my heart!
It would never then have
happened
that I'm now so wretched.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erfleht;
Nur ein stilles Leben führen
Wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

I never wished to touch your heart,
I never begged for love;
to live in peace was all I wished,
and to breathe the air you breathe.

Doch du drängst mich selbst
von hinnen,
Bittere Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
Und mein Herz ist krank und
wund.

But you yourself drive me
away,
your lips speak bitter words;
madness rages in my mind,
and my heart is sick and
wounded.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
Schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
Bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
Ferne in ein kühles Grab.

And my limbs, weary and feeble,
I drag along, staff in hand,
until I lay my tired head down
in a cool and distant grave.

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann

Wait, O wait, wild sailor

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
Gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
Von zwei Jungfrauen nehm' ich
Abschied,
Von Europa und von Ihr.

Wait, O wait, wild sailor,
soon I'll follow to the harbour;
I'm taking leave of two
maidens,
of Europe and of her.

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,

Stream from my eyes, O blood,
gush from my body, O blood,

Dass ich mit dem heissen Blute
Meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

that with my hot blood
I may write down my agonies.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
Schaudert dich, mein Blut zu
seh'n?
Sahst mich bleich und
herzeblutend
Lange Jahre vor dir stehn!

Why today of all days, my love,
do you shudder to see my
blood?
You've seen me pale with
bleeding heart
before you for years on end!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
Von der Schlang' im Paradies,
Die durch schlimme
Apfelgabe
Unsern Ahn ins Elend stiess?

Do you remember the old story
of the serpent in Paradise,
who, through the evil gift of an
apple,
plunged our forbears into woe?

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
Du bracht'st beides, Flamm' und
Tod.

The apple's the cause of all our ills!
Eve brought death with it,
Eris brought flames to Troy,
And you – both flames and
death.

Berg und Burgen schau herunter

Mountains and castles

Berg' und Burgen schau'n
herunter
In den spiegelhellen Rhein,
Und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,
Rings umglänzt von
Sonnenschein.

Mountains and castles look
down
into the mirror-bright Rhine,
and my boat sails merrily on,
with sunshine glistening all
around.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele
Goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
Still erwachen die Gefühle,
Die ich tief im Busen hegt'.

Calmly I watch the play
of golden, ruffled waves;
quietly the feelings awaken
I'd nursed deep in my heart.

Freundlich grüssend und
verheissend
Lockt hinab des Stromes
Pracht;
Doch ich kenn' ihn, oben
gleissend,
Birgt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.

With friendly greetings and
promises
the river's splendour beckons
me;
but I know how, gleaming
above,
it hides death and night within.

Oben Lust, im Busen
Tücken,
Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild!
Die kann auch so freundlich
nicken,
Lächelt auch so fromm und
mild.

On the surface – pleasure, at
heart – malice,
river, how you resemble my love!
She too can be kind and
friendly,
smiles her gentle, innocent
smile.

Anfangs wollt ich fast verzagen

At first I almost lost heart

Anfangs wollt ich fast verzagen,
Und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie;
Und ich hab' es doch getragen –
Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?

At first I almost lost heart,
and thought I could never bear it;
and yet I have borne it –
only do not ask me how.

Mit Myrten und Rosen

With myrtles and roses

Mit Myrten und Rosen, lieblich
und hold,
Mit duft'gen Zypressen und
Flittergold,
Möcht' ich zieren dies Buch wie
'nen Totenschrein,
Und sargen meine Lieder hinein.

With myrtles and roses, sweet
and fair,
with fragrant cypress and
golden tinsel,
I should like to adorn this book
like a coffin
and bury my songs within.

O könnt' ich die Liebe sargen
hinzu!
Auf dem Grabe der Liebe
wächst Blümlein der Ruh',

Could I but bury my love here
too!
On Love's grave grows the
flower of peace,

Da blüht es hervor, da pflückt
man es ab, –
Doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich
selber im Grab.

there it blossoms, there is
plucked,
but only when I'm buried will it
bloom for me.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die
einst so wild,
Wie ein Lavaström, der dem
Ätna entquillt,
Hervorgestürzt aus dem tiefsten
Gemüt,
Und rings viel blitzende Funken
versprüht!

Here now are the songs, which
once
streamed like lava from
Etna,
wildly from the depths of my
soul,
scattering sparks all
around!

Nun liegen sie stumm und
totengleich,
Nun starren sie kalt und
nebelbleich,
Doch aufs neu' die alte Glut sie
belebt,
Wenn der Liebe Geist einst über
sie schwebt.

Now they lie mute, as though
dead,
now they stare coldly, as pale
as mist,
but the old glow shall revive
them again,
when one day Love's spirit
floats over them.

Und es wird mir im Herzen viel
Ahnung laut:
Der Liebe Geist einst über sie
taut;
Einst kommt dies Buch in deine
Hand,
Du süßes Lieb im fernen Land.

And a thought speaks loudly in
my heart:
that Love's spirit will one day
thaw them;
one day this book will fall into
your hands,
my sweetest love, in a distant land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes
Zauberbann,

And on that day the spell will
break,

Die blassen Buchstaben schau
dich an,
Sie schauen dir flehend ins
schöne Aug',
Und flüstern mit Wehmut und
Liebeshauch.

the pale letters will gaze at
you,
gaze imploringly into your
beautiful eyes,
and whisper with sadness and
the breath of love.

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

6 Lieder Op. 3 (1899-1903)

Wie Georg von Frundsberg von sich selber sang

*Ludwig Achim von Arnim and
Clemens Brentano*

Mein Fleiss und Müh hab ich nie
gespart
Und allzeit gewahrt dem Herren
mein;

I have never lacked
application
and have always been mindful
of my Lord;

How George of Frundsberg sang of himself

Zum Besten sein schickt ich
mich drein,
Gnad, Gunst verhofft, dochs
Gemüt zu Hof
Verkehrt sich oft.

Wer sich zukaufft, der laufft weit
vor
Und kömmt empor, doch wer
lang Zeit
Nach Ehren streit, muss dannen
weit,
Das sehr mich kränkt, mein
treuer Dienst
Bleibt unerkent.

Kein Dank noch Lohn davon ich
bring,
Man wiegt g'ring und hat mein
gar
Vergessen zwar, gross Not,
Gefahr
Ich bestanden han, was Freude soll
Ich haben dran?

Die Aufgeregten

Gottfried Keller

Welche tief bewegten
Lebensläufchen,
Welche Leidenschaft, welch
wilder Schmerz!
Eine Bachwelle und ein
Sandhäuschen
Brachen gegenseitig sich das Herz!

Eine Biene summte hohl und stieß
Ihren Stachel in ein Rosendüftchen,
Und ein holder Schmetterling
zerriss
Den azurnen Frack im Sturm
der Mailüftchen!

Und die Blume schloss ihr
Heiligtümchen
Sterbend über dem verspritzten
Tau!

Warnung

Richard Dehmel

Mein Hund, du, hat dich bloss
beknurr't,
Und ich hab' ihn vergiftet;
Und ich hasse jeden Menschen,
Der Zwietracht stiftet.

I did what I thought best for
him,
I hoped for grace and favour,
but at court
minds often change.

He who acquires possessions,
gets ahead
and rises in the world, yet he
who fights
long for honour must travel far
away,
that grieves me greatly, my
loyal service
remains unrecognized.

I have had neither thanks nor
reward,
they think little of me and have
quite
forgotten me; great distress and
danger
have I suffered, what joy shall
I have of it?

Flustered creatures

What deeply disturbed little
lives,
what passion, what fierce
torment!
A ripple in the brook and a heap
of sand
broke each other's heart!

A bee buzzed and pierced
a fragrant rose with its sting,
and a lovely butterfly
tore
its blue dress in the storm of a
little May breeze!

And the flower, dying, closed its
tiny sanctuary
over the spilled
dew!

Warning

My dog merely growled at
you
and I poisoned him:
and I hate everyone
who makes trouble.

Zwei blutrote Nelken schick' ich dir,
Mein Blut du, an der einen eine Knospe;
Den dreien sei gut,
Du, bis ich komme.

Two blood-red carnations I sent you,
my blood for you, on the one a bud;
those three should please you,
until I come.

Ich komme heute Nacht noch,
Sei allein, du!
Gestern, als ich ankam,
Starrtest du mit jemand ins Abendrot hinein!
Du: Denk an meinen Hund!

I am coming tonight,
be alone, you!
Yesterday when I arrived
you were staring with somebody into the twilight!
You: remember my dog!

Hochzeitslied

Anonymous, after Jens Peter Jacobsen

So voll und reich wand noch das Leben
Nimmer euch seinen Kranz,
Und auf den Trauben spielt in kühnem

Life never before wound
such a rich and lustrous wreath,
and the bold and shimmering gleam of hope

Schimmer der Hoffnung Glanz.

plays upon the grapes.

Im Laube welch ein Glüh'n des farbigen Saftes,
Und wie die Töne klar zusammenfliessen!
Ergreift das Alles, schafft es,
Erlebt es im Geniessen!

What a glow of coloured sap in the leaves,
and how the colours blend with one another!
Grasp all that, create it,
experience it with joy!

Der Jugend Allmacht kocht in eures Blutes
Feuriger Kraft,
Nach Taten drängt, nach Schöpfung freien Mutes
Der frische Saft.

Youth's omnipotence boils in the ardent strength of your blood;
the fresh sap presses for deeds,
to create with a free spirit.

So spannt denn eurer Welt tollkühne Bogen,
Die schlanken Säulen hebt zum Himmelzelt;
Füllt mit des Herzens Flammenwogen
Die neue Welt!

So must you draw the daring bow of your world,
raise the slender pillars to the vault of heaven,
fill the new world with the surging flames of your heart!

Geübtes Herz

Gottfried Keller

Weise nicht von dir mein schlichtes Herz,
Weil es schon so viel geliebet!

Do not reject my simple heart,
because it has loved so much already!

Einer Geige gleicht es, die geübet
Lang ein Meister unter Lust und Schmerz.

It is like a violin, practised on for years
by a master in joy and sorrow.

Und je länger er darauf gespielt,
Stieg ihr Wert zum höchsten Preise;
Denn sie tönt mit sichrer Kraft die Weise,
Die ein Kund'ger ihren Saiten stiehlt.

And the longer he played on it its value rose to the greatest price;
because it plays with confident strength the tune
an expert steals from its strings.

Also spielte manche Meisterin
In mein Herz die rechte Seele,
Nun ist's wert, dass man es dir empfehle,
Lasse nicht den köstlichen Gewinn!

Thus did many a master craftswoman play
a true soul into my heart,
now it is worthy to be commended you,
do not forego the exquisite prize!

Freihold

Hermann von Lingg

Soviel Raben nachts auffliegen,
Soviel Feinde sind auf mich,
Soviel Herz an Herz sich schmiegen,
Soviel Herzen fliehen mich.
Ich steh allein, ja ganz allein,
Wie am Weg der dunkle Stein.

Many ravens soar up at night –
as many enemies are against me,
many hearts nestle against each other –
as many hearts avoid me.
I stand alone, yes, all alone,
like the dark stone by the roadside.

Doch der Stein, es gilt als Marke,
Wachend über Menschentun:
Dass dem Schwachen auch der Starke
Lass das Seine sicher ruh'n.
Wind und Regen trotz der Stein,
Unzerstörbar und allein.

But the stone stands as a marker,
watching over the deeds of men,
to the weak as well as the strong,
a symbol of security.
The rock defies wind and rain,
indestructible and alone.

Wohl, so will auch ich vollenden,
Unrecht dämmen, bis es bricht.
Mag sein Gift der Neid verschwenden,
Mich erlegt er nicht;
Blitze, schreibet auf den Stein:
„Wer will frei sein, geh' allein!“

That is how I wish to end,
curbing injustice until it dies.
though envy pour forth its venom,
it shall not conquer me;
lightning – inscribe on the rock:
'He who would be free, let him walk alone!'

Practised heart

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

6 Einfache Lieder Op. 9 (1911-3)

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the original texts for two of the songs below.

Schneeglöckchen

Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff

'S war doch wie ein leises Singen
In dem Garten heute nacht,
Wie wenn laue Lüfte
gingen:

'Süsse Glöcklein, nun erwacht,
Denn die warme Zeit wir bringen,
Eh's noch Jemand hat gedacht,' –
'S war kein Singen, 's war ein
Küssen,

Rührt die stillen Glöcklein sacht,
Dass sie alle tönen müssen
Von der künft'gen bunten
Pracht.

Ach, sie konnten's nicht erwarten,
Aber weiss vom letzten Schnee
War noch immer Feld und Garten,
Und sie sanken um vor Weh.
So schon manche Dichter
streckten

Sangesmüde sich hinab,
Und der Frühling, den sie
weckten,
Rauschet über ihrem Grab.

Nachtwanderer

Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff

Er reitet nachts auf einem
braunen Ross,
Er reitet vorüber an manchem
Schloss:
Schlaf droben, mein Kind, bis
der Tag erscheint,
Die finstre Nacht ist des
Menschen Feind!

Er reitet vorüber an einem Teich,
Da stehet ein schönes Mädchen
bleich
Und singt, ihr Hemdlein flattert
im Wind:
Vorüber, vorüber, mir graut vor
dem Kind!

Er reitet vorüber an einem Fluss,
Da ruft ihm der Wassermann
seinen Gruss,

Snowdrop

There was a soft singing
in the garden last night,
as though warm breezes were
blowing:

'Sweet snowdrops, wake up, now,
for we bring the warm days,
before anyone could guess.' –
There was no singing but much
kissing,
gently shake your silent bells,
so that they all ring
with the bright splendour soon
to be.

Ah, they couldn't wait,
but field and garden were still
white with the recent snow,
and they wilted with grief.
Thus have many poets laid
themselves
down, weary with singing,
and the Spring, which they
awoke,
rustles above their grave.

Nocturnal traveller

He rides at night on a brown
steed,
he rides past many a
castle:
sleep up there, my child, till day
dawns,
dark night is the enemy of
man!

He rides past a pond,
where a pale and beautiful
maiden stands
and sings, her thin shift
fluttering in the wind:
ride on, ride on, I fear for the
child!

He rides past a river,
where the water sprite greets
him,

Taucht wieder unter dann mit
Gesaus,
Und stille wird's über dem
kühlen Haus.

Wann Tag und Nacht im
verwornnen Streit,
Schon Hähne krähen im Dorfe
weit,
Da schauert sein Ross und
wühlet hinab,
Scharret ihm schnaubend sein
eigenes Grab.

Sommer

Siegfried Trebitsch

Unter spärlich grünen Blättern,
Unter Blumen, unter Blüten ...

Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff

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then dives under again with a
splash,
and calm reigns over his cool
dwelling.

When day and night contend and
struggle,
cocks already crow in distant
villages,
then his steed shudders and
plunges down
and snorting, digs the rider's
grave.

Summer

Among meagre green leaves,
among flowers, among blossom,
I hear the distant call of the
blackbird
and the harsh cry of the small
thrush.

And also the soft and delicate sound
of days and greetings quickly
passing.
A sad summer melody,
suffused with a final sweetness.

And a burning glow
is borne on the waves of a
parched wind;
reeling, I seem to recognise
the ring of unuttered screams.

And I sit motionless and tremble,
feel my hours on earth slip away,
and I stay still and live,
while dreams weave their web
around me.

Love note

Far from you
I think of you,
dear child.

I am lonely,
but my love
has stayed true.

I think
only of you,
o peace of my heart.

Liebesbriefchen

Elisabeth Honold

Fern von dir
Denk' ich dein,
Kindelein,

Einsam bin ich,
Doch mir blieb
Treue Lieb'.

Was ich denk',
Bist nur,
Herzensruh.

Sehe stets
Hold und licht
Dein Gesicht.

I always see,
fair and bright,
your face.

Und in mir
Immerzu
Tönest du.

And you sound
within me
always.

Bist's allein,
Die Welt
Mir erhellt.

It is you alone
who brightens
for me the world.

Ich bin dein,
Liebchen fein,
Denke mein!

I am yours,
my sweetest,
think of me!

Das Heldengrab am Pruth

Heinrich Kipper

Ich hab ein kleines Gärtchen
Im Buchenland am
Pruth, ...

The hero's grave on the Prut

I have a little garden
among the beech trees on the
Prut,
bedewed with pearls,
lit by the sun's glow.

And I day-dream
in my garden,
and drink in the scent of flowers
and listen to the birdsong.

And even if dew should freeze,
if autumn should destroy the
flowers,
if the nightingale should fly off -
spring will not abandon me.

In my little garden
among the beech trees on the Prut,
love adorns with withered
leaves
the hero who lies there at rest.

Ständchen

Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff

Auf die Dächer zwischen blassen
Wolken scheint der Mond herfür,
Ein Student dort auf den Gassen
Singt vor seiner Liebsten Tür.

From pallid clouds the moon
looks out across the roofs,
there in the street a student sings
before his sweetheart's door.

Und die Brunnen rauschen wieder
Durch die stille Einsamkeit,
Und der Wald vom Berge nieder,
Wie in alter, schöner Zeit.

And again the fountains murmur
in the silent loneliness,
and the woods on the mountain
murmur, as in good old times.

So in meinen jungen Tagen
Hab ich manche Sommernacht
Auch die Laute hier geschlagen
Und manch lust'ges Lied
erdacht.

Likewise in my young days,
often on a summer's night
I too plucked my lute here,
and composed some merry
songs.

Aber von der stillen Schwelle
Trugen sie mein Lieb zur Ruh,
Und du, fröhlicher Geselle,
Singe, sing nur immer zu!

But from that silent threshold
my love's been taken to rest.
And you, my blithe friend,
sing on, just sing on!

Translations of Korngold, 'Wie Georg von Frundsberg von sich selber sang', 'Warnung', 'Hochzeitslied' and 'Freihold' by Richard Stokes. 'Die Aufgeregten', 'Geübtes Herz' and Schumann by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.